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NO. 52.

Sophy Lefevre ;

OR,
THE POOR BLIND GIRL.

(Concluded.)

" I crawled up a court ; but, being found by the watchman, was dragged to the watch-house as a disorderly person ; put in the black hole ; and next morning, on being taken before the magistrate, was sent, because I had no money, with half a dozen street-walkers, to Bridewell

" In this wretched place I staid but a week, my eyes now growing very dim ; and, on being liberated, I applied to the officers of several parishes for relief, but in vain. " I did not belong to them"—" Was an impostor," or—" Young enough to work," were still the replies ; and at last, I determined to apply even to Mr. Ironside. I knocked at the door, but was driven away ; and, strolling into an adjoining field, sat down in a damp hovel, and abandoned myself to all the agonies of despair.

" I thought my sufferings unjust, and murmured against Providence ; but I recollected not, that when in affluence, I had forgot my departed mother's favorite precept—" Let not prosperity deceive you." For the whirl of dissipation I had lived in, after her

death, made me lose sight of myself ; and that, I now conceive, was the occasion of my punishment.

" In this state of mind, scarcely able to see, and without food, I sat—if I may use the expression—till I swooned into sleep. How long I lay there, I do not know. I dreamed I was restored to all my former splendour ;—but, good Heaven ! Never shall I forget the emotions I felt when I waked to utter darkness. I screamed with horror ; fell on my knees ; prayed for mercy : wished for death ; and had not a violent flood of tears relieved me, God only knows whether I could long have supported the desperate conflicts of my mind. I sat crying and sobbing for about three hours, insensible of the craving of hunger, and parching of thirst ; when a female voice roused me to recollection, by enquiring what was the matter with me. I said I was blind, and had no home " Come with me, child," said the enquirer ; and, taking my hand, led me away.

" In about half an hour we entered a house ; and, going up three pair of stairs, I understood from my companion, who was an old woman, that it was her lodging, and might be mine, if I would help to earn the rent. I promised to do any work I was capable of : she told me, I need not work ; she would put me in an easier method, by which I

might get a great deal of money, and make it comfortable for us both. This was, to ask alms in the street every day; and, having no alternative, I consented.

"In the morning she took me to some well-frequented street; and putting me in such a situation as I could be left in with safety—having generally bread enough with me for two scanty meals, and some small-beer in a tin bottle—did not return for me till dusk.

"In this manner I have passed the last six weeks; miserably enough, God knows! Sometimes I got three or four shillings a day; at others, not above one shilling; and, sometimes nothing at all. The old woman always used to increase or lessen my daily allowance in proportion to my gains; and, when I came home with little or nothing, used to abuse me very much indeed.

"I had been particularly unfortunate this last week: and, having yesterday lost the tin bottle, she swore this morning if I did not produce her something at night, she would leave me to shift again for myself.

"I was extremely terrified; for bad as my situation was, it was heaven, to the idea of being turned again into the street, incapable of helping myself. And this occasioned my great joy, Sir, at receiving your bounty, for I had not a farthing; neither have I eaten any thing till this generous woman gave it me.

Here she concluded her story. Harry then told her he would procure some means of provision for her; and, desiring the nurse to let her have every thing necessary at his charge, left the house, and, it being near dark, returned to the spot where he first saw her, and watched for the coming of the old woman.

He did not wait long; for, seeing one walking about, who by her manners he concluded was the right, he taxed her with his suspicions: her confusion betrayed her; and he threatened to charge a constable with her, unless she confessed all she knew concerning Sophy, promising a reward if she told the truth. She gave him a similar account of finding Miss Lefevre in the field to that he previously heard; and mentioned many sad circumstances of her life, gathered

from her own mouth, which perfectly agreed with the relation she had gone over. Harry, satisfied of the girl's veracity, gave the old woman a crown; and, hastening home, imparted the whole to his worthy father: soliciting at the same time, his patronage for the subject of his story.

Mr. Noble heard him with great satisfaction; and promised, if the report of Mrs. Jones, after a week or two of trial, should be favorable to the girl, he would take her into his own family. This eventually proved the case; and an eminent oculist, being consulted about her eyes, gave it as his opinion, that a film only was grown over them, which might be removed by couching.

He succeeded in the trial, and the lovely girl once more beheld the light; but was ordered to wear a fillet over her eyes for a few days, and to be admitted to the full use of them only by degrees.

The day the shade was entirely removed, Harry, who had left town previous to the operation, returned. When Sophy heard his voice in the hall, she trembled. The idea of beholding a youth, in whose praise every one was zealous; and who had translated her from the most abject penury to plenty, and been the means of her recovering sight; raised in her emotions which she scarcely knew how to conceal: but, when he opened the parlour door, where besides herself, were Mr. Noble, with two female relations, and presented a figure replete with every manly grace, she surveyed him with a degree of admiration too palpable not to be noticed. Having paid respects to his father and cousins, in a most insinuating manner, he congratulated her on the restoration of sight; paid a handsome compliment to her figure, which a fashionable undress set off to the greatest advantage; and, with a becoming familiarity, begged the honor of a salute.

The moment his lips touched her's, all consciousness forsook her, and she sunk in his arms. Harry was quite disconcerted, and his heart gave him an intimation to which he was before a stranger. Mr. Noble looked serious; Sophy recovered; and apologizing in the best manner she was able for being

so overcome, in the utmost confusion begged permission to retire. From that moment Harry and Sophy grew uneasy when separated; but studied their utmost to hide it from every one else, and from each other; for neither dared examine their hearts on the nature of their solicitude.

Every interview now improved the attachment on both sides; and one afternoon, when they were alone, Harry reading some miscellaneous poems to her, on mentioning the title of Cibber's *Blind Boy*, from a sympathizing recollection their eyes met, both half suffused with tears. Sophy blushed, and hung down her head. Harry in the moment of passion, threw the book on the floor, himself at her feet, and poured out his soul in professions of the most ardent love. Sophy heard him with distress; for honor forbade her to encourage sentiments her heart could not but approve. In language, artless as affecting, she entreated him to leave her, lest observation should subject her to the anger of his father; represented to him the difference of their situations; and remarked, that on cool recollection, he himself would have but a mean opinion of her, should she, as a reward for his generosity, endeavor to seduce his affection. He persisted, however, in his solicitations: she arose to retire; he held her forcibly, still kneeling, and begged her not to consign him to despair. She burst into tears; conjured him to let her go; and, having released her hand from his, was retreating to the door, when that of an anti-chamber opened, and presented Mr. Noble to their view. Sophy was almost petrified: but Harry, summoning a manly confidence, addressed his father nearly as follows:

"In what you have witnessed, blame not that generous girl, but me. If you think me criminal, tell me so mildly; you know I cannot bear your frown. I love Sophy; she is deserving, you are just: I look up to you as a father anxious for my happiness, and dare ask her at your hand." He stood in an attitude of the most interesting suspense: his father looked gravely for a minute; his features then relaxing—"My dear Har-

ry," said he, "I thank you for the confidence you put in me. I am anxious for your happiness, and will convince you so.—Sophy, my love, come here." Then, joining their hands—"Take her," continued he; "I have observed your mutual attachment since its commencement, and the violence you have done yourselves in endeavoring to conceal it, from motives of duty; particularly you, Sophy. You certainly, Harry, are the only one to blame, in what I have by accident overheard; but, in the choice you have made, you have given me too great a proof of your good sense and integrity, for me to oppose it. Take my blessing, children; and may you both live long, happy as you are virtuous!"

They expressed their gratitude in such effusions, as carry with them more sincerity than words; in a few days they were united; and lived long an exemplary pattern of conjugal harmony: he, a conspicuous instance of benevolence rewarded; and she, of the inscrutable nature of the ways of Heaven; who, to the edification of our patience, is frequently at hand for our deliverance from trouble, when we least expect it; and often leads us through the valley of sorrow to the gardens of pleasure, and temple of happiness.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

Mr. Editor.

Those of your fair readers, who are not unwilling to attend to a word of instruction, may perhaps find it in the following lines.

SUILENROC.

Instructions from a mother to her daughter, intended to serve as a rule for her conduct.

(Translated from the *Journee's Amusantes*.)

(Concluded from our last.)

SHOULD you be destined to a happy marriage, let virtue, confidence and love direct you in your duties. If on the contrary, Heaven, has cast your lot in an unhappy soil, troubled with domestic vexations and miseries, seek a friend who is less moved by your beauty, than sensible of your virtue; do not

alleviate the rigour of your lot except by the help which virtue can afford you, and if, by such conduct, you find no heart but what is hardened to your misfortunes, seek for succour from none but Him who alone can extricate man from the most profound abyss.

If you love your husband and he does not reciprocate your affection, let mildness, complaisancy and purity of morals be the only arms which you make use of to compel him to his duty. If your solicitude produce no effect upon him, seek in religion alone for relief; if it be an ill-founded connexion and you feel the same indifference towards one another, act in such a manner as to produce no irregularity between you, and fly from every opportunity of finding in another those attractions which are wanting in your husband: let the force of obligation occupy the place of that attachment which you do not feel. It is in these circumstances that virtue is difficult to be practised, but this is also the time when it is the most necessary, and when it shines with redoubled lustre.

A woman perfectly happy, who is not wanting in any of her duties is esteemed without being praised, because from her cradle such conduct is instilled into her mind; but a woman, who is wise and unhappy, is with more reason esteemed and praised; it is believed that she endeavors to do more than she is able, when she is seen opposing with fortitude her virtues to her misfortunes.

The state of an unmarried female and of a widow still merit some attention, and I find it exposed to accidents which do not appear to me less dangerous. A female unmarried, who is left without a father or a mother, mistress of her own actions, can never be too circumspect. Every thing turns to her prejudice; there is not a step she takes which does not affect her reputation; if she receives many visitors she passes for a coquette; if she has but a chosen number of friends, a secret intrigue is attributed to her, and finally she is judged of with so much the less charity when it is known that no one can come forward in defence of her con-

duct. It is then that I would advise her to choose from among the wisest of her sex, that woman who should appear to her the most capable of preserving her reputation, and that, regarding her as her mother, she might seek a refuge from that calumny which is never backward in finding employment.

Consider this well, my dear Julia, and, if Heaven incline you to remain free, make use of that liberty alone to render your wisdom more perfect and more pure.

If you choose a husband, and the Sovereign of our lives should take him from you, be careful not to imitate those women, who being no longer responsible to any one for their actions, pursue an irregular conduct, and who, under the veil of mourning, think that they can conceal the iniquity of their hearts. A widow has a much greater account to render of her actions, than a single or married woman. The state to which she is passed should make her act with much greater decorum for it devolves upon her to resume the modesty of a youthful female, while she possesses the experience of a woman. Wisdom and prudence should precede and follow her, and when she sees herself disengaged from the cares of a family, and from those occupations which bind her to the world, the best part that she can take is to retire from it forever; she is acquainted with all its injustice, its defects, and its cares, and knows that the pleasures, which she may have enjoyed in it, are not to be compared to its pains.

You see now, my dear Julia, what I have thought necessary to tell you for the promotion of your happiness as well as mine. When you read this epistle, consider that it proceeds much less from a mother, whom age has rendered severe, than from a friend whose affection has sought every means of rendering you perfect. Do not stop to reflect whether she, who gives you these lessons, has followed them herself, but consider only that she, who is able to give them, can also follow them. The defects of others should not serve us as a model but as an example to avoid them. You have shown so much zeal to com-

ply with my requests, that I have every reason to hope that this compendium of conduct will be of service to you in every situation of your life, to which end I beseech the Sovereign Ruler of the Universe, to store your heart with every good, and every perfect gift.

THESEUS AND ARIANA;

A Tale, founded on Ancient History.

[Concluded from our last.]

THE Prince, who had stood motionless with surprise, begged her to spare her reproaches.—‘I own my ingratitude,’ said he, and will render up my life to your fury, if that will make you any recompence:—but hear me—I never can be your’s!—My hand I have plighted to another:—saying these words, he went hastily out of the apartment, and left Ariana in a situation not to be described. She determined now, out of mere revenge, to give her hand to Anarus; for which purpose she went immediately to the king, acquainted him with her situation, and implored his assistance in discovering her rival, at the same time promising, if he succeeded to consent to be his wife.

Anarus, who had, for his own interest, long encouraged the meetings of Theseus and Phedra, did not think it a proper time to betray them, till they were safely conducted out of his dominions. He therefore, assured her of his compliance with her request, and they parted mutually satisfied.

Ariana was kept in the most tormenting suspense for the space of three weeks: one morning, when she was giving the necessary orders for her approaching nuptials, the King informed her that Theseus had taken flight to Athens at midnight, accompanied by his mistress. Ariana’s agitation was easier to be imagined than described. She fainted in the arms of her attendant, and, when she recovered, called for her dearest sister. ‘Go,’ said she,—‘tell Phedra the affecting news—she will feel for me—with what surprise will she hear of his treachery?—She had scarce uttered these words, when her servant acquainted her Phedra was no where to be found, at the same time

delivering her a billet from Theseus to the King, which was to the following purport:

‘Pardon a flight where love was the cause. You was no stranger to the mutual regard which long subsisted between Phedra and myself. She has attended my flight. Adieu. Take care of Ariana.’

She had scarce mentioned the last words, when she fell lifeless on the floor, and remained for some time insensible.

When Ariana was somewhat recovered, Anarus sent for her to proceed to the temple, to celebrate to their nuptials. She hastened to him, and throwing herself at his feet, said—‘If you love me, my Lord,—follow these traitors instantly to Athens, before my rival has power to triumph—plunge a dagger into the breasts of Theseus and Phedra.—By that great master-stroke you will signalize this day, and merit my hand in revenging my love.—What coward!—do you pause?—Then, Theseus, you shall triumph.’ Saying this, she snatched his sword, and plunged it in her breast, and died in a paroxysm of despair, still calling for revenge on Theseus.

Thus terminated the life of the unfortunate Ariana, whose story has been esteemed, by some of the best critics inferior only to that of Dido and Æneas.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO ELLA.

No doubt the lively Ella will immediately recognize her old correspondent who now addresses her on a similar subject. If Goldsmith’s opinion (which Ella makes her own) be correct, is not Ella inconsistent? In her picture of a Modern Christian (which if it be taken from the life is fully sufficient to make a real christian gloomy, and the good man sad;) she certainly contrasts it with Ancient Christians, who were an ornament to their profession; and, who by their lives as well as precepts, preached the cross of Christ. Must not then man degenerate; or whence this difference between Ancient and Modern Christians? I will answer. I too think

with Goldsmith, that every age is nearly the same : we all possess an evil heart of unbelief ; and in consequence, the natural man is continually inclined to evil, and at enmity with God, and certainly that person drawn by Ella, is in that state ; and is not, *cannot* be called with any sort of propriety a christian. These false professors no doubt injure the cause of Christ ; but is it right to exhibit their characters, and call them christians ? is not this calculated to injure it more ? I think there is no person who ought to possess true cheerfulness equal to the christian indeed ; he has the promise of the life which now is, and that which is to come ; but he is careful, lest his cheerfulness degenerate into levity ; and who is it that can be feelingly alive to the miseries which surround him and yet be always cheerful ? We can hardly walk the street, without meeting some poor object to claim our commiseration ; some who are suffering unavoidable distress in wanting almost every comfort of life ; and others suffering under the certain consequences of their own conduct, and others walking, blessed with every worldly comfort, without recognising the hand of God, in any of them ; surely there is cause of sorrow and gloom, and sadness. If we believe Ella, it is folly, not to be perfectly happy on this side the grave, as this world is good enough. What says the experience of all ages ? who is there who has not been continually in search of happiness ; and who is it that has found it ? Who is it that has not been thoroughly convinced, true and perfect happiness will be found only in Heaven. This world *'tis true* is good enough, for what it was intended ; a place of probation, where we may find continual cause of gratitude to that merciful God, who often finds it necessary to afflict us for our good, and purify us thro' suffering ; therefore it becomes us to be cheerful in moderation, to *rejoice* with trembling : and who is there, who would harbour levity, and thoughtlessness, did they continually remember that for all these things God would bring them into judgment.

M. A. W.

VARIETY.

THE SMILE.

How sweet the sun's bright beam must be
After long night to Zembla's isle !
But, oh ! much sweeter far to me,
The sunshine of a woman's smile.

HOGARTH

Observes that all the common and necessary motions, for the purposes of life, are performed by men in *straight* lines ; but that all the *graceful* and *ornamental* movements, are made in *curve* lines. Such are all the movements of one who is tipsy.

Don Francisco Destinuga, said of a lady who was just married, and who, though very ugly, had a great fortune, that her husband had taken her by the weight, and paid nothing for the workmanship.

SERIOUS AFFAIR.

Rabelias tells us a story of one Philipot Placut, who, being brisk and hale, fell dead, as he was paying an old debt, which, perhaps, causes many says he, not to pay theirs, for fear of the like accident.

GRATING EXPEDIENT.

A gentleman, lately dining on a *very* tough piece of beef began scratching his plate with his knife, and on being asked the reason, replied, to *set his teeth on edge*.

The following epitaph holds an elevated rank among the few specimens of this sort of writing that have any just claim to poetic merit. It was inscribed on the tomb-stone of two sisters—twins at birth—companions in youth—partners in death—and tenants of the same grave.

Fair marble tell to future days
That here two virgin sisters lie,
Whose Life employed each tongue in praise,
Whose Death drew tears from every eye.

In stature, beauty, years and fame,
Together as they grew they shone ;
So much alike, so much the same,
Death quite mistook them both for one.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum

TO A LADY,

Who on perceiving my Mocking Bird was
dead, advised me to throw him in the street.

"I lov'd him living, and I mourn him dead."

No lady no ! this favorite form,
That late I lov'd and fondly priz'd,
Shall never lay expos'd to draw
The unmeaning gaze of vulgar eyes.

For he was all that mortals love,
A bird of matchless innate worth,
A gentle heart, a beauteous form,
And goodness seldom found on earth.

His glancing eye would quickly scan
The hand that gave its little food,
And to reward such trifling pains
A grateful song pronounced it good.

And when we find on earth so rare
As virtue free from every cloud,
Shall I forget the example given,
And fling him to the passing crowd ?

No, I will make his narrow bed,
Where some green turf shall lightly
swell,
And grassy sods shall deck his grave,
While passing winds shall toll his knell.

And lady, on the small raised stone,
That's near the spot I'll write his fame,
The only friend I ever knew,
That never yet disgrac'd the name.

ELLA.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ON A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

SACRED be the hallow'd spot,
Where my mother's ashes lie,
Would it were my happy lot
Near the place to live and die.

I could then with pensive feet,
Often linger o'er her grave ;
To cherish recollections sweet,
As Moon beams trembling on the wave.

'Twould seem that death would be more
sweet,

If resting near her much lov'd clay ;
Our kindred ashes there might meet,
'Till rais'd to life and endless day.

And when the hour of death draws near,
And grief shall swell this breast no more ;
Eliza wilt thou drop one tear,
And joy that all my troubles o'er ?

M. A. W.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO ANNA.

Written by a prisoner now in the State-prison.

ADIEU ! sweet scenes of former hours,
Adieu ye groves ; adieu ; ye bowers,
A lasting long adieu ;
When erst in infancy I stray'd,
Or in the grove or in the mead
With pleasures ever new.

Anna adieu ! alas no more,
Shall fate or fortune e'er restore,
The blissful time anew.
When by the twilight's fading gleam,
Adown the gently gliding stream,
I rov'd with heav'n and you.

No more where modern Hanthos laves,
Thro' Hartford's plains its sacred waves,
Or where the riv'let purls,
Or in the sad sequester'd gloom,
Where twin'd around my brother's tomb,
The pliant ivy curls.

No more the sylvan scenes to view,
No more to join the sprightly crew,
Shall I again return ;
But doom'd in servitude to dwell,
Or chain'd within a dismal cell,
I'm left alone to mourn.

Thus when the vivid light'ning's flash,
Rends to its base the stately ash,
Or the majestic oak ;
In living death the arbor stands,
The foliage from the boughs descends
And owns the dreadful stroke.

Sweet girl ! When in thy circling arms,
Protected by thy magic charms,
Shall I resign my fears ?
When shall this bosom lose its woe ?
When shall those eyes forget to flow,
For days of other years ?

Never alas ! nor sighs nor tears,
Nor all the scenes of former years,
One ray of hope diffuse ;
But rash despair my bosom swells,
And lost in phrenzy's magic spells,
I wildly court the muse.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

A FRAGMENT.

BEHOLD the good old man : his setting day
Shines with more lustre than the morning ray
Of sinful youth.

Heaven is his staff, his portion and his rock ;
Heaven will sustain him in that awful shock ;
When nature's self has ceas'd to lend her aid,
And death in awful colors be pourtray'd.
He casts a look serene, tho' like a scroll
Nature's great structures in confusion roll ;
No terrors move him while upheld by this

Celestial hope of everlasting bliss
Beyond the grave.

Thou great Supreme ! thou cause of endless
praise ;

Of endless joy ; Director of my lays,
May I uplift to thee in every hour
A heart of pray'r and venerate thy pow'r ;
Be not asham'd of thee ; of thy great name,
Nor ever cease thy goodness to proclaim
To erring man.

Thou who hast form'd me, plac'd me in this
state,

Great is thy goodness, passing wonder great ;
No ear has heard, no mortal eye can trace,
No mind conceive the wonders of thy grace ;
I'm lost in contemplation of thy pow'r.

SUILENROC.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK :
SATURDAY APRIL 29, 1815.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

This week we have to announce the most extraordinary and unexpected event that perhaps ever could be thought of—the Restoration of Bonaparte to the crown of France, and of course the dethronement of Louis the 18th who had push'd for England ; and all this accomplished without any bloodshed. The account is brought by the schr. Sine-qua-non, capt. Pond, who arrived here last Wednesday in 25 days from Rochelle, of which the following abstract has been published :

That Bonaparte started from Elba (no doubt all things being ready) on the 28th of Feb. with 600 men, and landed at Frejus, (where he had landed on his return from Egypt) He was soon afterwards joined by Berthier, with 25,000 troops, and proceeded to Paris, acquiring strength as he advanced ; and on the 20th day of March entered Paris at the head of 80,000 men ; Louis and the Princes having left that place the preceding evening for England. On the 24th Bonaparte announced by proclamation, his return to the throne of France.

And it is said that he has declared he will have France entire, and that he was sending an army towards Belgium, where lord Wellington was with an army of 40,000 men ; and it is also said that he had issued an order to sequester all the English property in France.

The capt. informs that Murat, king of Naples had declared in favor of Napoleon, having made a treaty of alliance with him before he left Elba ; that Murat's force is estimated at 80,000 men ; that they had attacked the Austrian Guard on the frontiers of Naples, and put every man to death ; that the Empress Maria Louisa, would arrive in Paris on the 4th of April, accompanied by the Arch Duke Charles at the head of 25,000 men ; and that

Talleyrand was at Vienna, and his lady left Paris for England, on the 19th of March, accompanied by Madame Moreau, and Lady Wellington.

London accounts to March 17th says, that twenty sail of the Line were yesterday ordered to be put in commission ; and many officers who had been put upon half pay, have been ordered to repair to the Admiralty. A press is ordered in the port of London, and in all the other ports for the service of the fleet.

The Congress of Vienna did not break up until after the arrival of Bonaparte at Lyons, the 10th of March.

Letters from New-Orleans mention that gen. Jackson had been arrested for having violated the laws of his country, in the confinement of judge Hall, with the district attorney, and other citizens ; and that after an imprisonment and trial, the general was fined \$1000, which was immediately raised by subscription among the inhabitants, no person being allowed to subscribe more than one dollar, and the gen. was liberated.

Since our last several very valuable prizes have arrived at different ports of the United States.

The subscribers to the New-York Weekly Museum are respectfully informed that the present Number completes the first octavo vol. and that a Title-page and Index to the same will shortly be published and sent to them. The next No. will be published agreeably to the plan and terms lately proposed.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Mathews, Mr. John W. Taylor, to Miss Sarah Collis.

By the rev. Dr. Harris, Mr. Thomas H. Thomas, to Miss Mary I. Winter, daughter of Joseph Winter, esq. all of this city.

James Stryker, esq. to Miss Cornelia Manning.

DIED

Catherine Brown, aged 27 years, wife of Thomas Brown. John Brown, aged 55 years. Stephen Holland, a respectable citizen, aged 57. Hannah Clarke, aged 25 years. Eden Ridgeway, aged 38. Mary Oldershaw. Henry Faber. Peter Hart, aged 45. Aga Anderson, aged 60. Temple Haight, aged 30. Eliza Van Horne, aged 72. Elizabeth Arden, aged 17. Susanna Riggs, aged 49. Catharine Tooker, aged 29. Phebe Waugh, aged 35. Jacob Van Horne, aged 42. William Mulloner, aged 78. Lanah Frances, aged 50. Sally Johnson, aged 18. A woman found drowned in the Hudson, near the State-Prison, aged 20. John Reid, aged 24. Mary Borden, aged 28. John Francis, aged 32. James Canlin, aged 34. Joseph Brotherton, aged 35. Deborah Merselis, aged 79, and Eliza Mersia, aged 62. Together with 7 boys, and 9 girls.

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MFG. BY

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ATLANTIC

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INDS. CORP.

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NEWARK, N. J.

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U.S.A.

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